

A farmer and his family fish from the pier
in South Haven

They catch six perch,
 one rainbow trout, green,
silver beside the spotted
small ones.

 Until sunset when
a storm comes.

Dark blue clouds, lightning
behind the family
walking off the pier:
 two sons ahead,
 farmer and
woman, tanned face turned from the wind
and first rain.

The sea rises.

 Last thing is
the farmer's flashlight
 shining in
the car trunk
as they pack their gear.

Marilyn

Seven,
I was so happy.
At supper told the whole family.
Gone with Dad to the garage,
pick up the car, lube job,
Marilyn Monroe was all there:
tits, lips, thighs,
on a calendar behind the parts counter.

-- Ben Jacques

Tucson AZ